

TOKYOPOP

HETALIA

Axis Powers



ISSUE 1



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There once was a man of legendary strength.

He was thought to be even more powerful
than Germany or England.

But then...something went wrong.

This is the story of Hetalia and his
delightful friends from around the world.

This is a work of fiction.
Any similarity or likeness to any people,
historical events or countries in the world
is purely coincidental...seriously!



Meeting of the World

Let's join hands
and solve all the
world's problems,
one by one!

All right
guys, time to
start the world
meeting!



Don't be
afraid to voice
your honest
opinion!

We've learned
a lot over the years,
so if we all work
together, there's
nothing we can't
overcome!

Not again,
Japan! Do
you ever have
an opinion of
your own??

I agree with
America-san.

By the way, nobody
is allowed to disagree
with me.

Let's start by tackling
the issue of global warming.
I know there's a hot topic
right now, but I think we can
keep it in check if we create
a giant hero to protect
the planet!

Make up your mind!!



I disagree with both America and England!



I object! This plan has no basis in reality, whatsoever!

And it's not "learned," you git! It's "taught!" It's a disgrace to the Queen's English!



Bring it! Let Big Brother show you how to rumble!

Get down! I'm going to rip that scratchy goatee right off of your chin!

Sigh. Not again-ans.

We don't want any!

I'll show you refined, you wine-loving nimby!

Is disagreeing with me your hobby or something? Don't you have a better way to spend your time?

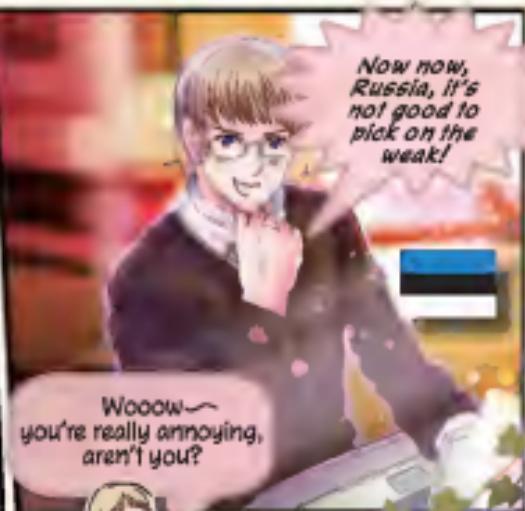
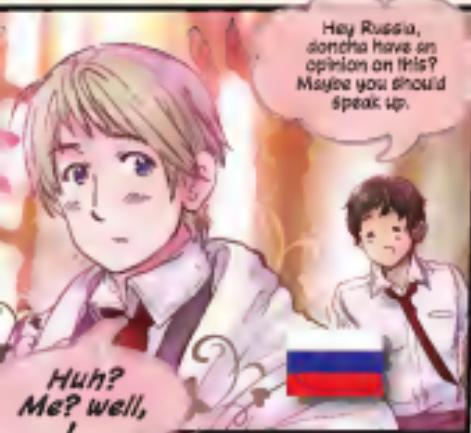
Both your opinions are so unrefined. Unlike the two of you, I'm a gentleman.

Why don't you chew on some snacks and calm down, all right-ans?

You're all so childish! Can't you act like adults for once?

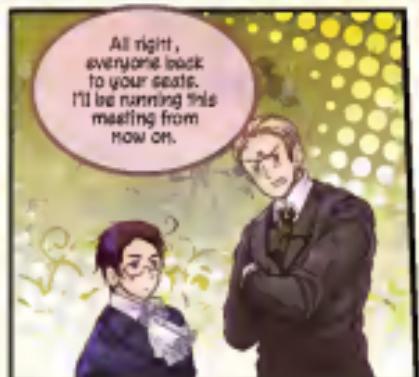
Are they free?







[Der Kongress-treat ("Congress Power") After the death of Napoleon, the European leaders met at Vienna to determine the future of their war-torn nations. However, the meeting was really far from peaceful; the members ended up shouting at each other.





Those who
wish to speak
must support their
opinions with
valid research and
data!

Each speaker
will be given eight
minutes and not
a second longer!
And absolutely,
NO CHATTERING!



Germany,
you look like
you're ready
to murder
someone.

That settles it.
Whenever you're
prepared to speak,
raise your hand.



Even though
you're not
compromising
at all...

I think that's
a wonderful
compromise,
Germany.



Hmph. Very well. I
give you permission
to speak, Italy.



OH, ME ME!
LET ME GO!



HETALIA

TM

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Created by
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HAMBURG // LONDON // LOS ANGELES // TOKYO

Prologue

Long, long ago there was said to be a man who conquered the Mediterranean and gained all of the world's wealth.



His name was
"The Roman Empire."



...and his vast tracts of land...

But despite his wealth, his fame, his many servants...



...simply disappeared.

...one day, this man who had the world in the palm of his hand...

Now, Europe is entrenched in World War I.

This is strange...

I'm supposed to be fighting the so-called descendant of The Roman Empire, but...

Every enemy I encountered had in German! Is this a dream?

I expected it fight, but this was as easy as eating bacon!

I was able to cross the border wielding nothing more than a stick!

What if he's trying to lull me into complacency? This could be a trap! Hm...?

No, I can't let my guard down! If this man is really a descendant of the great Roman Empire, I'm sure he has something up his sleeve!

[Wurst] German sausage. Stuffed into animal casings. It is said to have been created by nomadic tribes from Northwestern China and passed down to Europe.



Waaaaah!
I'm sorry!
I'm soooory!
I'm not really
a tomato fairy
at all!

Please don't
shoot! I'll do
anything!
Anything!
Forgive
meeee!

There's no way the
descendant of the
Roman Empire could
be so pathetic...

Is this
really the
guy I'm
supposed
to be at
war with?

You
wouldn't
want to kill
an innocent
virgin,
would
you?

Answer
me one
thing.

Are you
really my
enemy? A
descendant
of the great
Rome?

Don't I
get a last
meal?! Can't
I eat pasta
before
I dieeee?!

What? Where do
you think I'm
going? Don't you
have a family?

It's probably
just some
ordinary
coblins like
me now.

This place
is big enough.
There must
be some
sort of
relatives.

"I have relatives in..." This was a line frequently used by Italians to try to avoid getting killed.
(Example: To an American soldier, one would say, "I have a relative in Brooklyn." So what?)

This useless
little brat is
really strong!

I thought
you were
pretty scary
at first, but
if you know
Grandpa,
you
can't be
that bad!

I'm Italy...
Rome's
grandson. I'm
a delightful
scamp who
loves pizza
and pasta!

Huh...?
You know
Grandpa
Rome?

I just wanna
be frie—
yahhhhhh!

YOU
CAN'T
TRICK
ME, YOU
PASTA-
LOVING
DUMM-
KOPF!

He's putting
up an impressive
front to cover
his blushing.
The blushing
isn't helping
his cause.

At the time,
Germany had no idea
this encounter would
change his very destiny.

Might





North Italy

[Official Name]
Repubblica Italiana
[Capital] Rome
[Official Language] Italian
[Birthday]
March 17th, 1861 (Italy unified)
[National Flower]
Pansy

The descendant of the powerful Roman Empire, he somehow fails to follow in the footsteps of his grandfather. His full name is Italy Veneziano.

Frequently spacing out, excessively expressive and prone to fits of whining and crying, he can often be found flailing his arms and legs needlessly. He also has a tendency to howl, sing, speak irresponsibly and teach people a little too much. Despite these numerous vices, the other countries in the world are strangely tolerant of him.

His hobbies include art, design, cooking and taking naps. He is known to love pasta, pizza and cheese.

"I'll do anything you say, just don't hit me!"



METALIA AND HIS MERRY FRIENDS



South Italy

[Official Name]
Repubblica Italiana
[Capital] Rome
[Official Language] Italian
[Birthday]
March 17th, 1861 (Italy unified)
[National Flower]
Pansy

Another descendant of the powerful Roman Empire, he also fails to follow in the footsteps of his grandfather. His full name is Italy Emanuele.

Even after unification, he is not on good terms with his brother, perhaps due to the fact that they were separated for many years.

Although he is cheery and kind towards women, he tends to be less tolerant of men (including himself, of course). In particular, he is openly rude to Germany and France. Generally clumsy and incompetent, he is surprisingly good at pickpocketing. His culture, sense of taste and even personality have been passed down from Spain. He loves pasta and tomatoes. His hobbies include flirting, farming, cooking and taking naps.

"Eat lead, you potato-sucking bastard!"



METALIA AND HIS MERRY FRIENDS



Germany

Official Name: Federal Republic of Germany
Capital: Berlin
Official Language: German
Birthday: Unknown
National Flower: Blue Cornflower

While the rest of Europe was flourishing, Germany was impoverished by constant war. Surrounded by the self-absorbed Austria and the sexually-aggressive France, he is forced into a turbulent lifestyle. To make matters worse, he is frequently harassed by both his tyrannical boss* and Italy.

Germany is excessively serious, always following rules and regulations to the letter. However, after a few beers, he begins to let loose, allowing his pent-up frustrations to explode. He is judicious at everything he does, but technologically illiterate. For example, every time he sees a PDA, he is struck with a sudden urge to use the bathroom. His hobbies include saving money, cleaning, barking and walking his dog.

Although he would never admit it, he loves to tour around Italy.

"Not you again!"



*Boss: Meaning, the Father



A quick summary of the global climate.





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